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The Eagle's Wing

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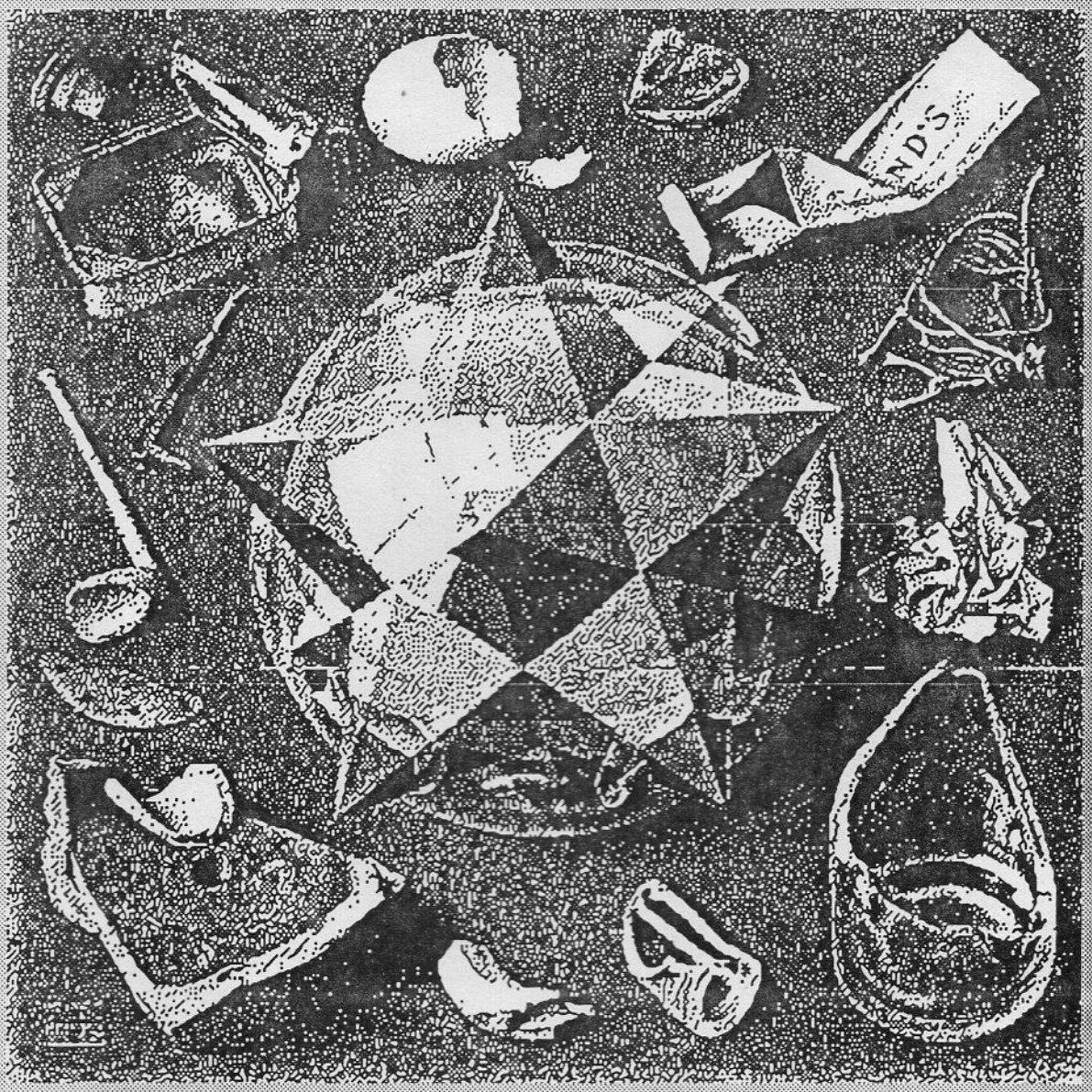

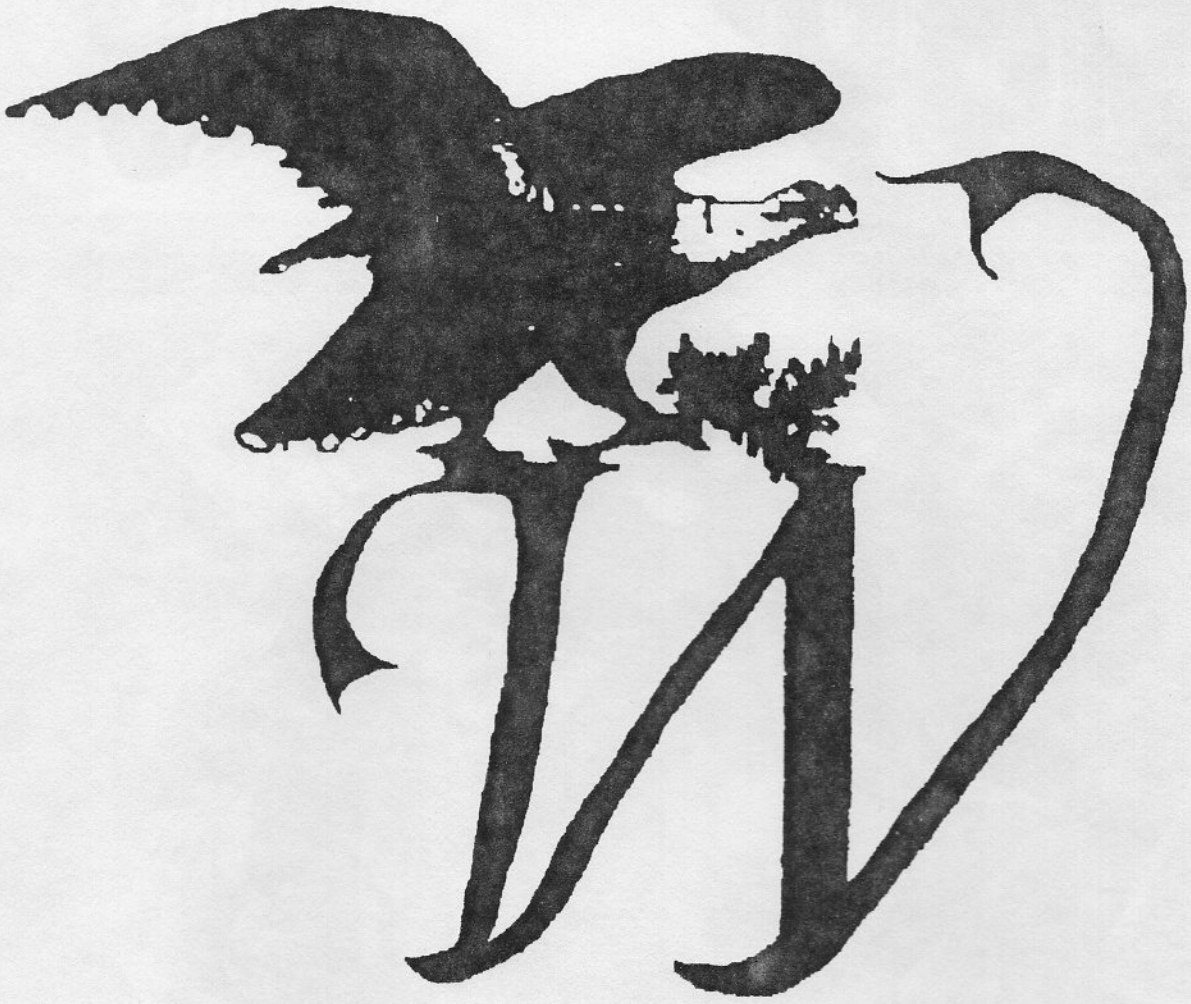

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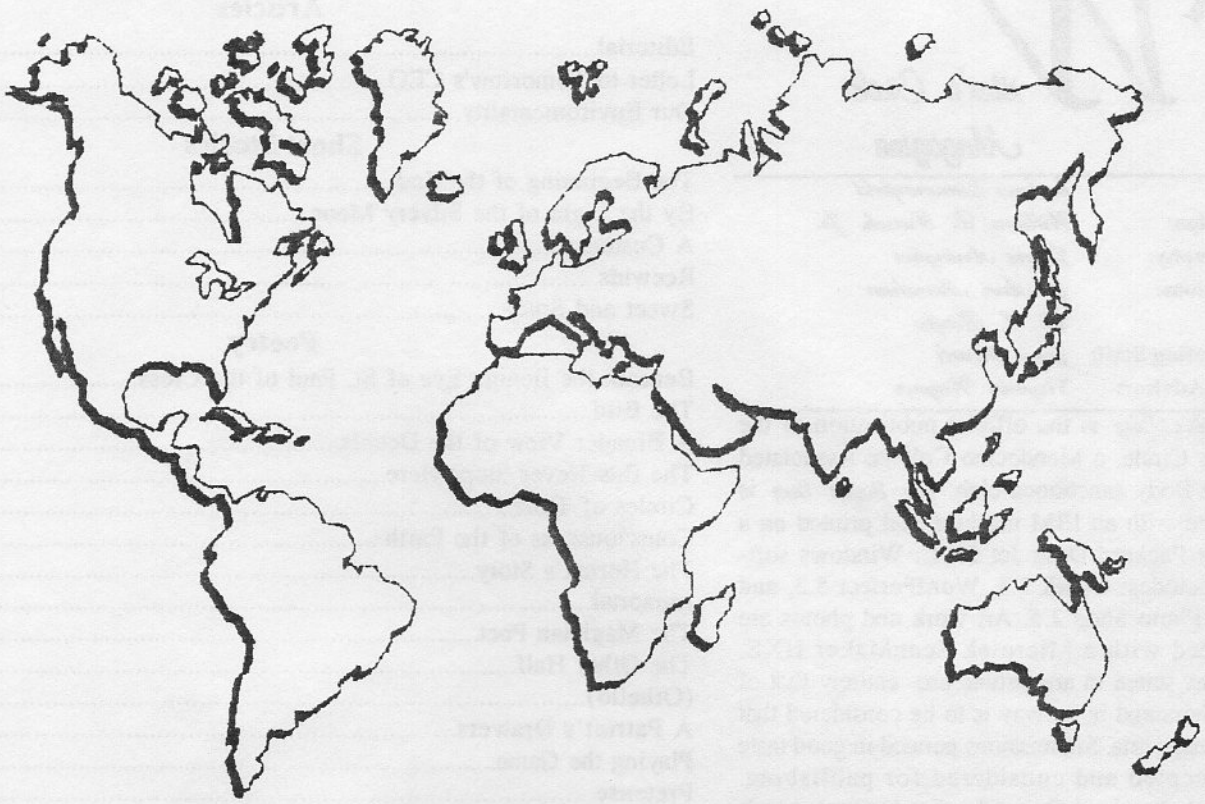


Consciousness of the Earth

Since our beginning, from our birth
We are the consciousness of the Earth
For we can reason and guide her straight
If only we see before it's too late.
Her eyes and Her ears are all living things-
The leaves of a tree and the bird who sings.
So how can we disregard Her parts
And have no respect for our very heart?
To overcome our apathetic bliss
We must empower ourselves with this:
Integrity, truth and humanity;
And forgo economic vanity.
If each one of us will take hold the reins
Then together we can save Her remains.

By Jill Walton

Tiny Mind Syndrome

In case no one has brought it to your attention
Here's a social disease that never gets a mention
A disorder that deteriorates inspiration
And impairs capabilities of improvisation
Those infected with T.M.S. are eager to share their pain
Noxious attitudes, poisonous words, they whine and complain
This condition decays their sense of empathy and shame
Contaminated by denial, there is elsewhere to place the blame
The need to read becomes impotent
The truth is no longer a requirement
Egos so large that their eyes and ears
Can shut out what they choose not to see or hear
Racism is another symptom of the blight
Can't dream in color, only black and white
Failure to inform themselves, the final arrogance
Crippling their powers of reasoning and possibilities of chance
This sterile ignorance causes frustration
There is no miracle pill for paralysis of the imagination
Pity it can be so contagious, this T.M.S..
But if you keep an open mind, it becomes harmless

By Corey Harrison

Editorial

By barbara Summerfield

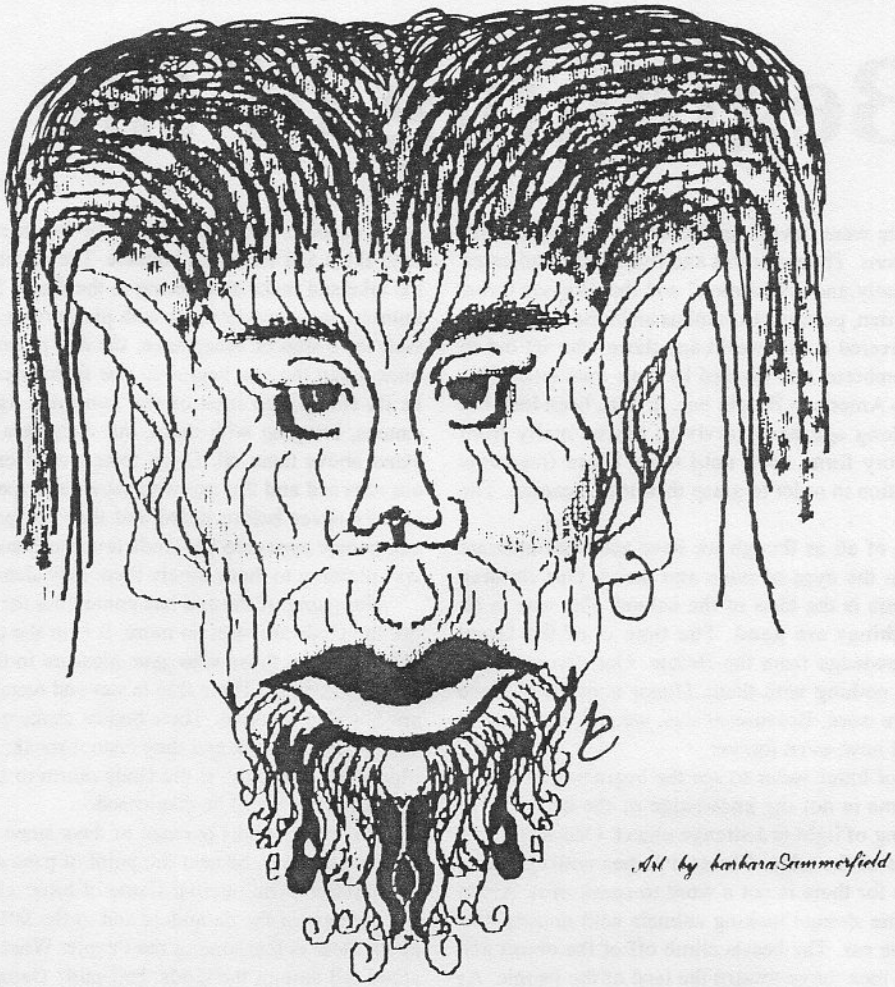
Rachel Carson discusses the results of Man fouling his own house in her "A Fable for Tomorrow." Her description of Anywhere, America is beautiful and vibrant with the voices of nature, the happiness of people as they go about their business of the enjoyment of life in abundant surroundings. Her people took those beautiful surroundings for granted, they didn't take care with their use of Nature's gift to them. They soiled and polluted everything they touched, destroying not only the animals' habitat but their own as well. The departure of wild animals and birds and their deaths was an unheeded warning to the people who continued to pollute the streams, groundwater, earth, and air, not noticing until the farm animals and their own families began to sicken and die. Even the plants became puny and unable to reproduce.

We have been unmindful of our surroundings for many years, only just now beginning to try to undo some of the damage we've done over the past years. Today our streams, rivers, lakes, and oceans are polluted, some worse than others; in some there are no more uncontaminated foodfish from the dumping of chemicals into our waterways. Insecticides sprayed on fields to produce larger crops have upset the natural order of nature by destroying the insects native to the area and inviting different and stronger mutants in, so that stronger insecticides are necessary to be rid of the stronger pests. Some of these stronger insecticides affect animal-life by producing weak and sickly offspring and causing carcinogenic diseases among humans. Crops are pollinated by insects and unpollinated crops do not reproduce resulting in a scarcity of food; humans die of starvation, soon the whole country will be devoid of any human life at all. Industry has so polluted the air in some cities that our eyes tear whenever we go out-of-doors. Toxic wastes dumped without concern have leaked into the water supply in some areas causing disease and death. Ships lose oil in the oceans killing thousands of sea creatures and seabirds.

Man is the only animal that soils and pollutes his own house. I think of the time when my children were small, one of them brought home a soft silver grey rabbit. No cage, just the rabbit. We called her Bunny and found a large cardboard carton to tuck into a kitchen corner to house her until a cage could be acquired. Bunny didn't stay in the carton, she hopped over the tall sides and went exploring about the house. I went looking for little round pellets and worried for several days when I couldn't find any. The kids changed the paper in the bottom of the carton everyday and it was on the third day just after they had changed the paper that I saw Bunny jump into the carton, go to the back corner and leave a bunch of pellets, then she hopped out of the carton and went about her business of searching for an electrical cord to nibble on. I moved her feeding dishes outside the carton and watched her for several more days. That rabbit never slept in the carton from the day we put her in it. She only used it as a waste receptacle. I began to pay attention to the dog and the cat, and the same was true of them. They didn't eat or sleep in the same ares where they left their waste products. The same has been true of every other kind of pet that the kids and my husband have dragged home over the years. When our dog gave birth to a litter of pups, she kept them clean and she cleaned up their surroundings after them and taught them to be clean about themselves and their abode.

The aboriginal peoples of our country lived as a part of nature, always thanking their Mother Earth for her gifts, taking only what they needed to survive and always giving something back to her. They always said a prayer to the animals and plants as they hunted and harvested their food, thanking them for allowing themselves to be used for the sustenance of the people.

We should pay attention to the warnings of our surroundings, to the environment we live in. When we make a mess we should clean it up, dispose of our waste in a proper and safe fashion. We should not use products that are destructive to our surroundings and therefore to ourselves. Pollution is the slowest form of suicide, and the least civilized thing to do! And, we think we are the higher order!



A Letter to Tomorrow's CEO

By Sean Greenwalt

Towering mounds of trash, peaks at impossible angles, hang precariously over the street, the shelters (all cardboard and wood panel and plastic bags and corrugated tin) built by the homeless. The street is packed with slow moving traffic, bumper to bumper, dull chrome matched with chipped and faded paint. Fiberglass houses huge electric cells. The hydrogen produced by these "clean" motors is used to power small turbines which add what they can to the always inadequate power-packs. Those few willing to pick their ways along sidewalks are adorned with U-V glasses and head-to-toe clothing, the better to cheat a blazing sun.

Now step away from the window; look around your immaculate office. Stuffed with techno-wizardry designed to facilitate your efforts at profit production, this space is more comfortable than your own home. Your chair's caress is welcome as that of your latest great love, your video display offers only the most reassuring thruth, the 67° air bears the tang of Ozone purifiers, the P.A. pours forth a most soothing melody. And to think you get paid for this. Most nights you'd rather not go home, not be made to face the common nightmare outside the company's sanctuary, not be forced to admit that when the woman spake "Let them eat cake," you laughed.

One day...One day you'll fail to nerve yourself sufficient to venture forth from money's sanctum. That day the world will, as it must, come to find you.

The Beginning of the End

Anonymous

The Native American People were devastated by the early contact with the western European civilizations. Their cultures and lives were eradicated by the introduction to "christianity and civilization" and the diseases thrust upon them. History, as it is written, portrays Columbus and others as heroes of their time. Those who discovered a new world and those who set out to tame it would be forever remembered and revered by their own kind. This unwritten history of the Native American People has, in part, been lost, but fragmented memories of the long ago have survived, passed orally from generation to generation in story form, even until now. These fragments leave one to his or her imagination in order to grasp their true meaning. The Elder speaks...

Peace is within the hearts of all as though we have achieved ultimate harmony. The sun rises within the eyes of mine and theirs. Our children have want for nothing, for theirs is the bliss of the natural. He, who is all mighty, has seen to it. All things are good. The time is of the Great Ancestors, the bringers of knowledge from the Before. Our givers of life have passed before us, taking nothing with them. Honor is given to those who gave to us even before we were. Because of this, we are, and there is from the time before even until now, even forever.

As I gaze across the lake of bitter water to see the beginning of a new day I fear not, for known to me is not the knowledge of the end. Hurled forth from beyond the beginning of light is a strange object. One seemingly to appear from beyond the end of the edge. Closer it comes until it is now visible. It is a thing to be seen for there is not a word to speak of it. About the top there appears to be some strange looking animals with unusual fur, making noises unfamiliar to the ear. The beasts climb off of the object and assemble into fat little canoes, then move toward the land of the People. As they leave the object behind, it loses its upward luster and becomes as a drab rock that moves no further toward the land.

The children fear not the strange appearing creatures and as the young hunters they are, one might attempt to impale one of the beasts. Two of the children approach the beasts, armed with spears they wait quietly in the trees hoping for the animals to come closer. As the beasts approach, the children can see that they seem to be like the People, though they wear strange skins and their faces are pale in color. The children retreat from the hunt and inform a father of the strange people like creatures. The People are informed of the event and elect to send an ambassador to greet the strange men of the sun. A most important event. We will dress him as our best warrior. He will be equipped with the greatest of all spears, and he will possess the colors of our nation.

Having been sent forth by the People, our ambassador stands before the strange men of the sun. Standing there waiting for the exchange of spears and the touching of colors to indicate acceptance and goodwill, our most honorable is shamed and left without his soul. The men of the sun flock about him, pointing at him with strange branches and making the unheard sounds. When he, the messenger of our People, extends forward our spear, the pale colored men of the sun command the thunder of the sky and cause fire to spit forth from the sticks which they carry.

The People grieve dearly the loss of a father who offered so courageously the best of our nation to the strange new men, the cries of a child who has no father, of a woman who has lost her mate, and of the People who fear the arrival of the Thunder Gods from the Sun cause great burden throughout the land. The thoughts of the People are made known throughout the land. Perhaps the Gods do not like the colors of our nation or perhaps our spear is not pleasing to them. Perhaps we should try to please them with gifts of food and skins or female pleasure. It is decided. It will be done.

A canoe is complemented with daughters, fresh game and fruits, with skins and feathered bonnets. The daughters float the gifts out on the lake and make an offering to the Gods. This offering, so great yet humble, must surely meet with pleasure in their eyes. As the People wait for a sign of acceptance, the day passes into darkness, and then once again the sun begins to rise from beyond the edge of the lake. In its rising, the men of the sun once again assemble in the fat canoes, bringing with them, our daughters and one who appears to stand above them all. Upon their arrival on the land, our daughters are returned and the one who stands tall speaks to us in a loud voice, sounds never before heard and then he leaves. As strangely as the sun people appeared the Gods found pleasure in our daughters and it was pleasing to them, surely then, they also found acceptance in us.

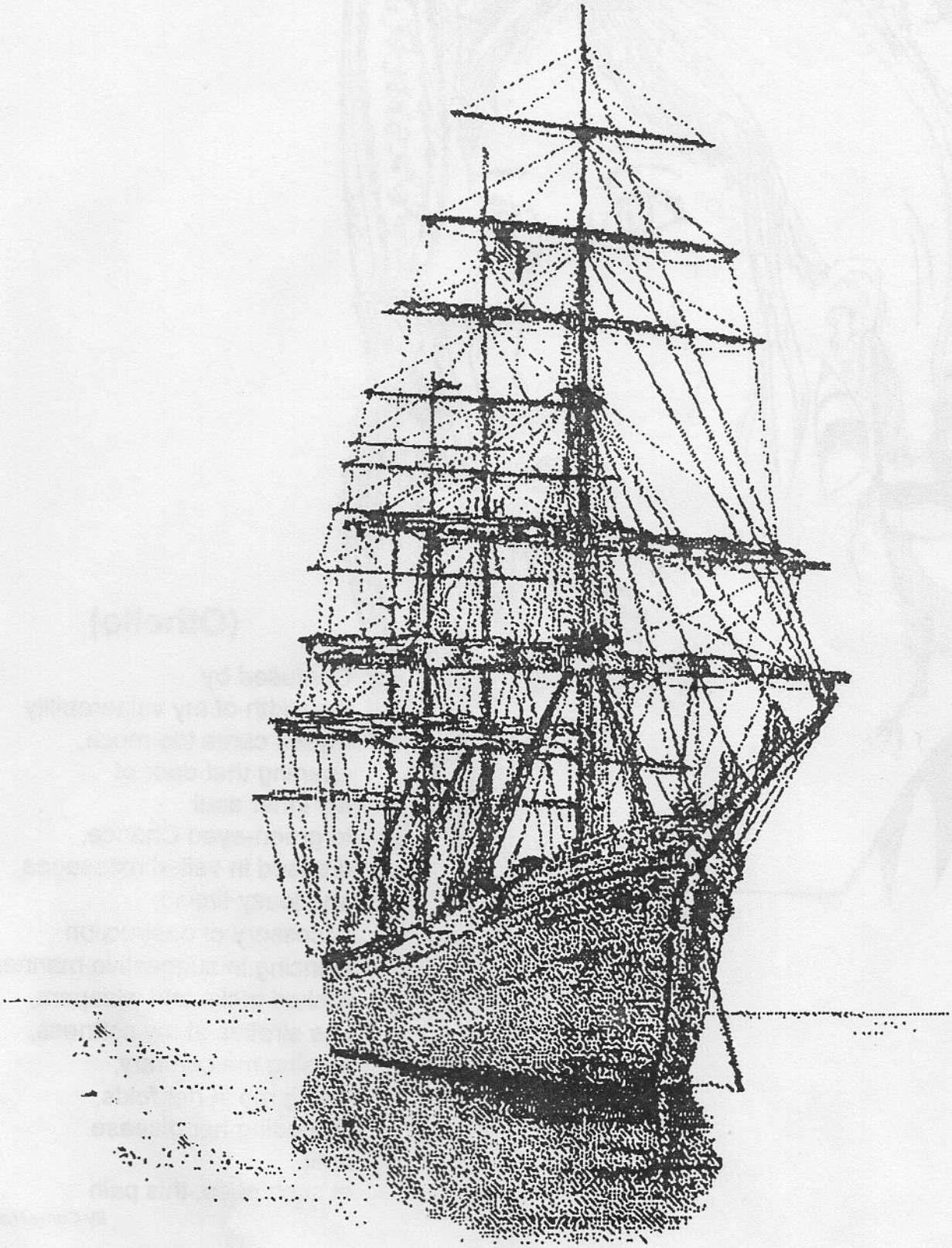
The rising of the sun has come now for half of the moon's cycle, but the Gods are seen no more. It is in the passage of these days that the daughters, those who gave pleasure to the gods, are burning with fire from within. Their skin is wet and tears fall from their eyes, they are not able to stand. Their bodies shake as if it were a cold winter day. They are weak and they cannot speak. Our families tend to their illness for, certainly, if the Gods return to find their female companions gone, they will be displeased.

It is now a short passage of days since the daughters have taken ill. They seem to be near the point of passing. Now the fire is among the children. The internal flame of bitter chilling cold has passed to the mothers of the daughters and to the fathers of the children. Once again there is fear among the People. What is it that he, the one who stood tall among the Gods, had said? Certainly it was a curse. Now look, the daughters who were sent to please them are dead.

The fathers have come to speak the concerns of the People. The dreaded curse of the Gods has taken the souls of nearly one hundred People, over half of the whole nation is sick with the internal fire. We must build an altar and make a sacrifice to the Gods of the Rising Sun. We must appease them and pray to them lift the curse from our People, lest we all die. The best of furs are offered along with game and fruits of the field and forests, yet the sickness continues. The People worsen with illness each day, the children are dying. A brave daughter who possess the shaking fire within thrusts herself upon the altar of flame and shouts to the Gods, "I give myself willingly that my family might be spared," and falls into the pit of burning embers. A noble sacrifice of one so selfless, for this ends the cycle and her family is spared. It is known now among the People the ultimate demand of the Gods. He who is afflicted by the curse of the Gods must give wholly and selflessly to them lest his family also become afflicted. At this there is a great moving among the People. Whole families and persons alone who possess the curse of the Gods thrust themselves into the ever burning sacrificial pit of flames and proclaim to the Gods their unswerving devotion, that their families and nation might be spared.

The Gods of the Rising Sun seem pleased for the internal flame of bitter cold is no more, and the Gods return not. The seasons of many suns have passed and, though the curse of the Gods has been lifted, the People are left with a wretched scar of life. For in their mind's eye is the sight of a strange object appearing from beyond the end of the edge.

One may tend to agree or disagree as to the truth of the story. However, it can not be disputed that the Native Americans exist no more in the way of their ancestors.

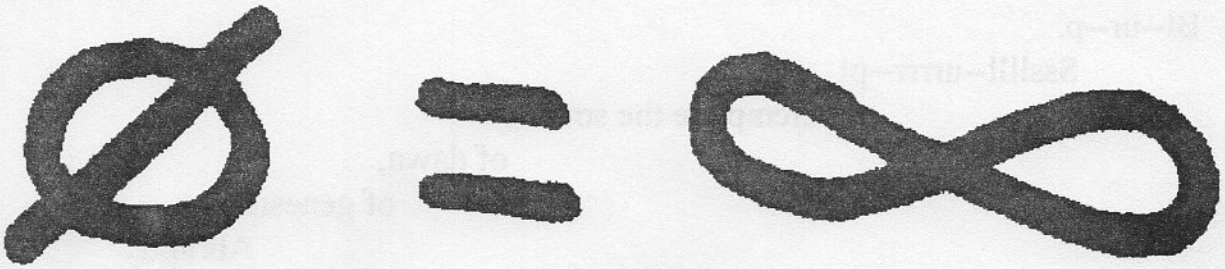


Art by Jo Ann Monahan

(Othello)

Confused by
the width of my vulnerability
myself cares too much,
opening that door of
my inner soul
to green-eyed Chance,
dressed in veiled messages
and lousy timing;
accessory of destruction
Dancing in suggestive manners,
wicked tricks and whispers,
she strokes at my softness,
teasing me contrary,
losing me in her folds,
spreading her disease
until
at such price, this pain

By Corey Harrison



Expanding patterns of change
Fill our chaotic multiverse with a
Potential anew.
Always, another set of
Circumstances will conjure up an unknown image,
Toss it up on Reality's shore,
Forming the Question:
"What is it?".
When no answer comes, the Question,
Caught on a wave,
Tumbles and grows and becomes yet another
Cause precipitating a new Universe of Effects.
The Marvel
The Wonder
The Awe
Inspired in me,
A man, humble and small,
By the endless enormity of an incomprehensibly vast
theater of existence
Is met only by that theater in fact.
I am reassured in that
The possibilities are Endless.

By Sean Greenwalt

Time

Bl--ur--p.
Bl--ur--p.
Sssllll--urrrr--p!
Contemplate the sounds
of dawn,
of genesis.
Abruptly
spawning
from the fissure
deep within.
Slowly puddling,
softly growing,
spilling, trickling
down,
down,
ever down.
Carving space,
a cradling place.
Auto-nurturing,
ominous envoy,
engendering
castigation,
arduous repercussion.
Ostentatious arrogance
trouncing
resistance.
Pernicious
propitiation
surging,
churning within
crevasse narrow
Craggy
skeletons
chronicling
epic poetry.
Cascading toward
thundering cataract
plummeting

Waft

resplendence,
white fury.
Jagged stones
tumbling about,
rattling
ancient
bones;
shameful secrets
hiding, lurking,
greenly dark,
within murky depths.
Mellowing in time,
gamboling placidly
neath luminous lunar glow
From the embouchure
swirling through
veil black,
sheer
into the sea of
collective conscious.
Vaporizing nebula.
Raining upon
the sphere.
Permeating
into
depths
of darkness.
Commencing anew.
Grappling out,
of the fissure deep.
Bl--ur--p.
Bl--ur--p.
Sssllll--urrrr--p!
Contemplate
the sounds
of dawn,
of birth.

By barbara Summerfield

Sweet and Spicy

By Joyce Hirsch

The sexy smell of chocolate permeated every pregnable fiber of the room. My heart leapt as I anticipated the succulent and sinful pleasures of its luscious rewards. As he lapped up whipped delight, decadent desires would entice him to surrender into my bounteous body. The voluptuous velvety texture and moist essence gave it a quality ripe for consumption.

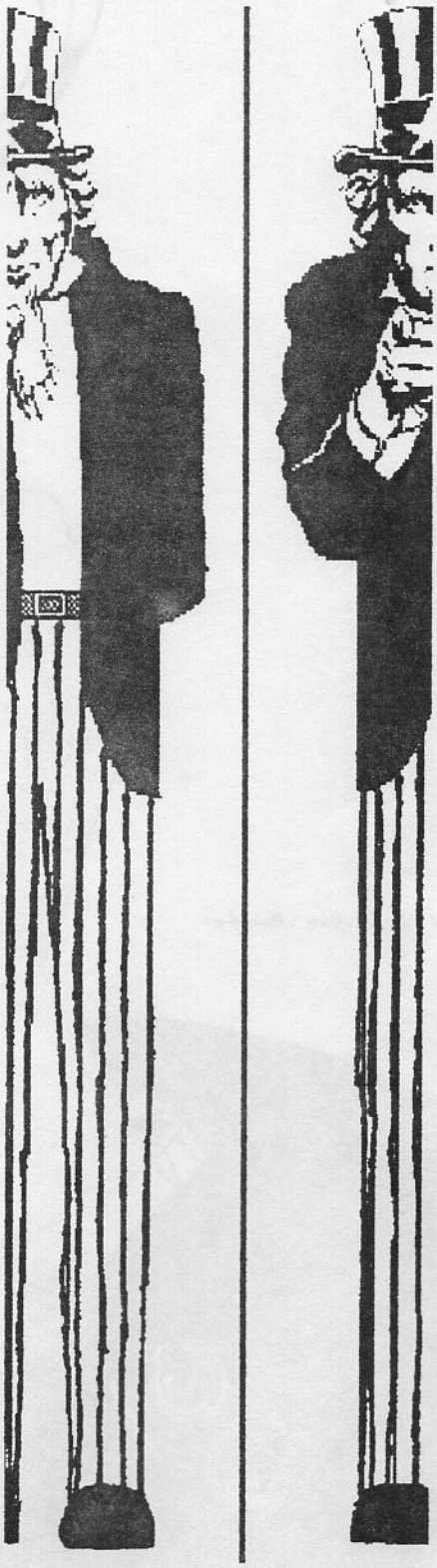
Opulent odors oozed over and into red rooms as I rushed to open the oven. Whish--warmth embraced the whole spirit of my being spilling outward, attacking hitherto unreachable areas of space. Yes--yes his sensitive palette could never escape this soft sumptuous delicacy. The pungent, aromatic scents sizzled and searched until captivating the sensuous source of his nostrils. My cocoa rhapsody rose to a plump mound, ready to be plucked from its virginal haven. Sweet sounds of erotic fantasy coursed and coerced his ears as I touched the center of ecstasy. The tantalizing flavor of the cacao propelled him into delirious passion while he relished my sweet success.

After the steamy flesh of the devilish chocolate was devoured and our satisfaction realized, I turned from the maliforous concoction to contrive a hot plot for the morrow.

Now after, the affair would stir to a more flamboyant rejuvenation of spicy significance. The savory sauce would be a culinary wonder of Cajun zest. Its boiling enthusiasm burst forth with flaming blues that mellows the inner fabric of a forgotten heart. Sounds of the sexy sax peppered the delectable seasons with an uplifting taste. As the thin liquid thickened and coursed through the electric blaze it absorbed the warm herbs and fiery Creole. Fun fused in my mouth and joy tickled his stomach as I cooked up a seamier mixture to fire the fumes of our physical bond and attend to the famished nature of our bottomless affection.

Art by Jo Ann Monahan

A Patriot's Drawers



Ahh,
The ongoing formation
Fornication
Of Bile,
Vile Guile.
The endless pumping of air
Into the veins
Of our society
Guarantees a clot
To end all thought.
I've had all I can takes
And I
Can't takes no more.
Can you see the burlap
Flapping in the wind,
An Eco-Flag?
Uncle Sam,
Dressed in the old Stars & Stripes,
Pissed himself.
Now who's laughing
Who's crying
Uncle?

By Sean Greenwalt

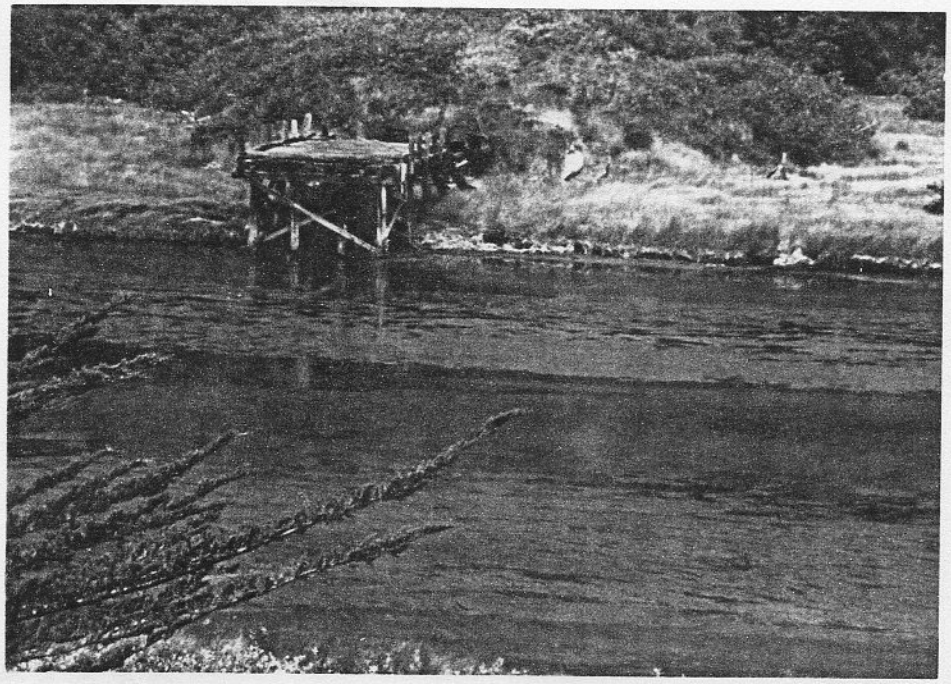


Photo courtesy of Jayne Arrington

SERVANTS OF

Twelve human bodies lay stretched on the golden sand. A wind stirred, and so a figure, but against the wind, proving thereby the fact of his continued life.

Soon all twelve of these unfortunate people were up, stretching, scratching, gazing about with dull and empty eyes. None know how he came to be Here, wherever Here was, and none knew another.

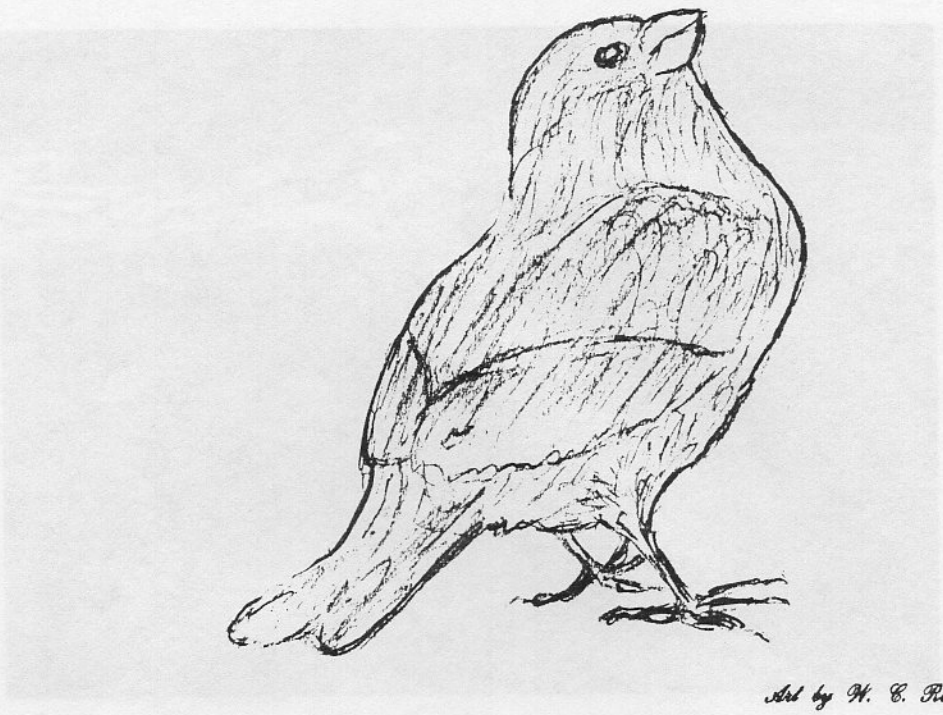
All were dressed alike; ill fitting and poorly stitched, a loose grey robe covered each body. There was, however, on each robe sewn a single, shallow pocket, and each pocket contained a small white business card

bearing

the Command

"Build Me a Bridge."

By Sean Greenwalt



Art by W. C. Rempfro

The Bird

As I stare out the window now I see
A reflection of complexity—or me?
The multi-facets contrast 'gainst the sky
Disconfigured nature—is it I?
Contradictions in a perfect world
The bird glides with the wind and then is hurled
Through turbulent gusts—Catch yourself! You're free!
Is this picture representing me?
I glided so, then too, abruptly fell
But how do I transcend this hardened shell?
I have no wings or wind to carry me
Above the harshness of reality.
As I look out I see the bird again
Perhaps freedom is only gained within.

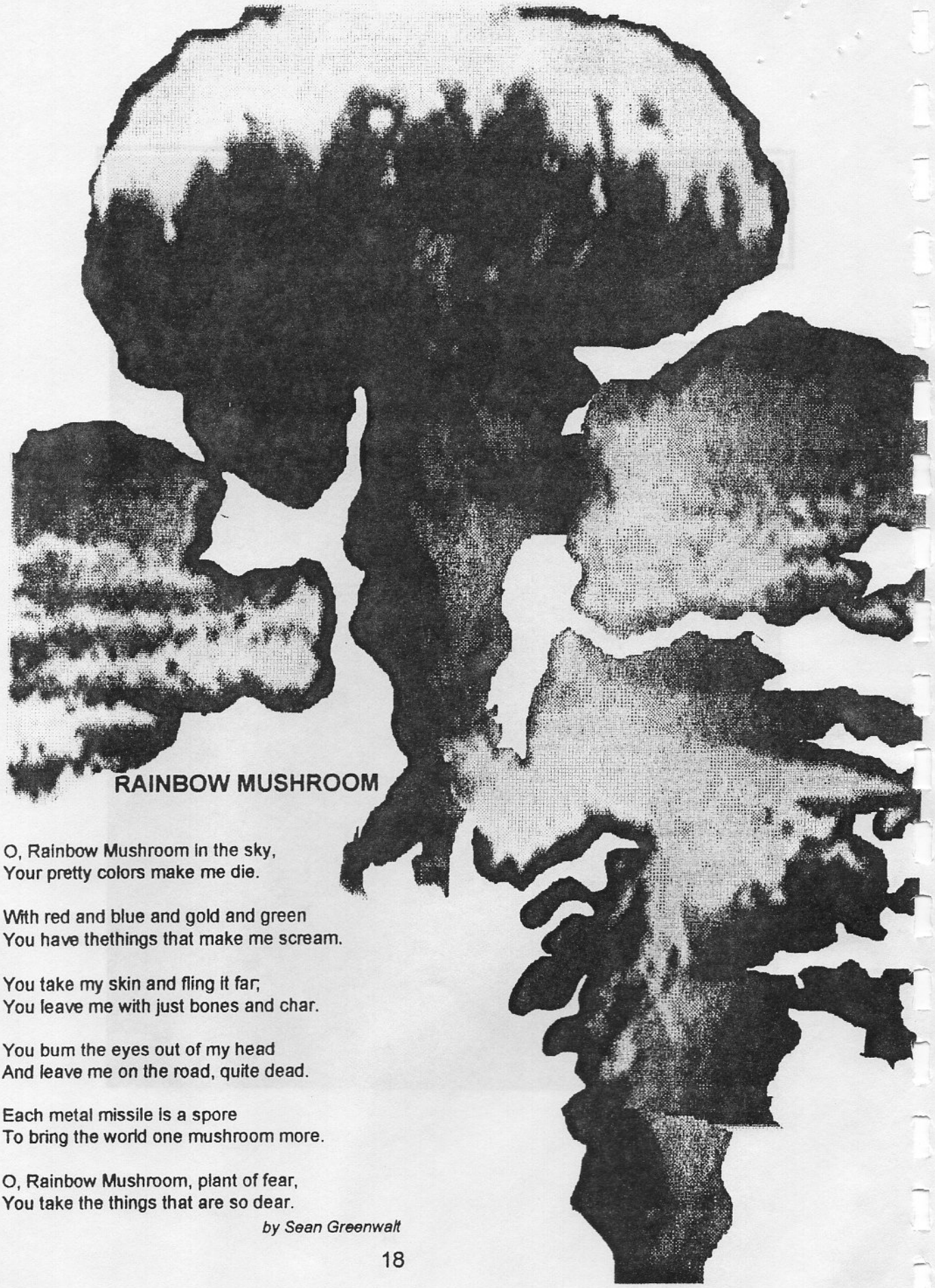
By Jill Walton

SUISLUDGE

It is convenient to
Eat chemically preserved ugly from neon plastic
Because time is short.
It is convenient to
Burn a long past epoch's leftovers
Because the road is long.
It is convenient to
Dull an aching soul's mind
Because life is hard.
It is convenient to
Divorce a woman who cracks up mid-stride
Because childhood is lost.
It is convenient to
Have faith in jealously powerful Republican Gods
Because you cannot be trusted.
It is convenient to
Ignore the bleeding screaming dying planet Earth
Because Death is easy.
And in America
Land of Convenience
We're always willing to

Take it Easy

By Sean Greenwall



RAINBOW MUSHROOM

O, Rainbow Mushroom in the sky,
Your pretty colors make me die.

With red and blue and gold and green
You have thethings that make me scream.

You take my skin and fling it far;
You leave me with just bones and char.

You bum the eyes out of my head
And leave me on the road, quite dead.

Each metal missile is a spore
To bring the world one mushroom more.

O, Rainbow Mushroom, plant of fear,
You take the things that are so dear.

by Sean Greenwalt

Art by barbara Summerfield

Things of Life

Flowers are kisses of the universe
Trees come from the spine of the earth
Hogs are ugly and noisey,
Yet their flesh is as sweet as gold.

Rivers run for miles and miles
to cleanse the continents,
but men rush to blood—
war, rape, vengence—

Those, too, are things of life—
destruction and restoration,
There must be a balance,
there must be hope.

If only the blood did not stick.
If only we could wash it away.

By Charles Price

Beneath the Benign Eye of St. Paul of the Cross

Tonight
i am one, round "Ho,"
a manic syllable.

Crazy mirth wells up within me,
pops like soda bubbles
    against the inside of my head—
it strains to get out, pleads and dances,
wraps itself like grape leaves around my tears;
an occasional giggle escapes.

Embryo, circle of wet
(a concept always returning.)
child, i hold you in my hands,
seed-being floating on a yolk.
i mourn your loss, you slip through my fingers.
you are tears
    endlessly cried.
you wet my fingers, you drip.
you are forever gone.
there is never enough mourning for you.

i cry,
i cry.
i can't get it right.
i saw a Madonna in a waking dream:
        supple-handed, adequate,
    with poetry in the strength of her fingers.
over her left hand water flowed.
in her right she held shards of glass,
    blunted and gleaming as crystal.

churches,
churches.
i pass them...
some with paved lots for parking.
all crowned with symbols
beaten from other things.

empty rooms,
empty fathers.
words tumble and roll, pile up and stumble over one another:
"Fraters, Simplices,"
latin terms, privilege.
Catholic institutions, deserted on Sunday night,
their trees and statues stand guard.

i came to write a treatise on suicide
(my bones as damp and malleable
        as yesterday's gum)
about how i live life in the wings, one foot on the edge,
ready always to topple over.
how wrong, not to be firmly bound/committed to the world.

i was going to drive to the Bay Bridge,
run a relay with myself.
straight there, straight back.
just to prove i could do it—
just to challenge fear—
just to pretend life and death are both possible.

instead,
instead.
well. the night is young...

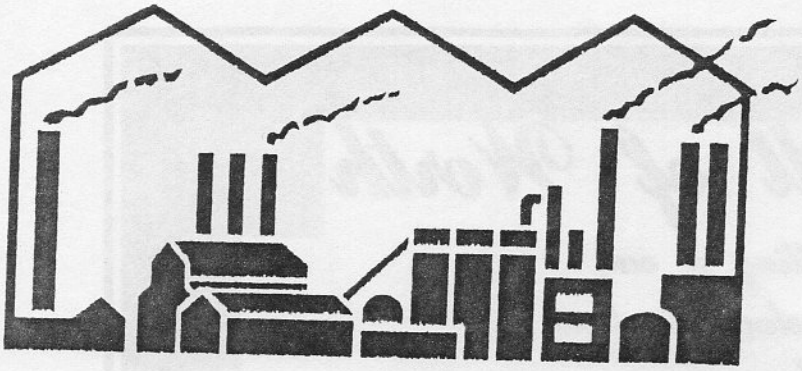
i hold my heart
cradled along my elbows,
i rock like an autistic child.

By Rebecca McCartney

Salt of Worth

Shutting it out,
she clung to focus
on her
husband and sons
work
school homework
babysitting
dinner
as
chained butterflies fluttered
over the keyboard
pelted by hot drops of salt
falling
off her face
When cool sweat
rained
directly onto her hips,
she lay her head
on the hard desk,
wondering
what was wrong

By Corey Harrison



Our Enviromentality

By William D. French, Jr.

As a little boy I was always told that humans could never damage the earth because it was made for our use. I know now that we have done almost irreversible damage to the planet.

As I drive to school in the morning I must pass under the poisonous cloud expelled from the industrial smoke stacks of this city. Recently I have become much more aware of the odor of the colorless, toxic fumes emitted from those smoke stacks. I have to live with this outrageous condition because I choose to live in this beautiful valley and because the American people have become so apathetic that they don't realize that our planet is fouled and our species is an endangered one.

In this very valley disease is stalking our children even as, industry turns a blind eye to its responsibility for the toxins they spit into our air every minute of every day, heedless of the knowledge that their emissions do indeed cause serious human illnesses.

At the present time a private industry is attempting to open a waste reclamation yard in Willits, of course, the County does not want to lose revenue to the private industry so they are attempting to block the project. Our county needs to take heed, to realize that green greed, the love of the almighty dollar, is destroying our home!

The local citizens think they are doing their part to save the planet by recycling, but they still drive the single block to the grocery store. If every person decided to use public transportation when traveling to school, work, or shopping and most other places, the pollution in this valley could be cut by more than half. If every person decided to use cloth shopping bags, we just might be able to save what's left of our old growth forests. If every person recycled, not just their newspapers, but all of their paper, and used recycled paper products whenever possible, perhaps our hillsides would be nice and green with new trees instead of the ugly brown of barren land.

It is time to refuse to tolerate noxious fumes from industry and infliction of the injury of disease upon us. It is time to drastically change our lifestyles. It is time to cease the greediness of human nature. It is time to put the needs of our world ahead of our personal wants. It is time to save our Earth.

7's

Media's a power whore
T.V. news video soap
Edit all the blood and gore
Screaming children dying hope

Airwaves bringing home the lies
Looking for T.V. mind-set
Real blood spills for hamburgers
But you'll take what you can get
You don't wonder who might die
You've been programmed to accept
That truth is business mergers
And lies haven't happened yet
You'll stand in line, wait your turn
To hand out your legal script
With no time but cash to burn
You're the meal stuck on the spit
G.I. Joe loves all the kids
Fights for peace with his big dick
Lead spray closes bad guy's lids
Smart bombs are a nifty trick
The purpose of this vile game
Is the safety of the tribe
We can earn the winner's name
By being the last alive

Media's a power whore
T.V. news video soap
Edit all the blood and gore
Screaming children dying hope

No amount of truth or dare
Will set free the awful truth
We've condemned the world out there
Guilty but we have no proof
Terrorize with dollar bills
Our way or no way at all
Conquering their foreign wills
With dreams of a shopping mall
Burning garbage in the streets
Keeps the global village warm
Latest techno-science feats
Used to tame the hungry swarm
Building bombs and cars with care
We show how they free the soul
Winning isn't playing fair
Please ignore the Ozone hole
This is what you cannot see
This is news you just won't get
Lose the power to be free
Go turn on your T.V. set

Media's a power whore
T.V. news video soap
Edit all the blood and gore
Screaming children dying hope.

By Sean Greenwalt

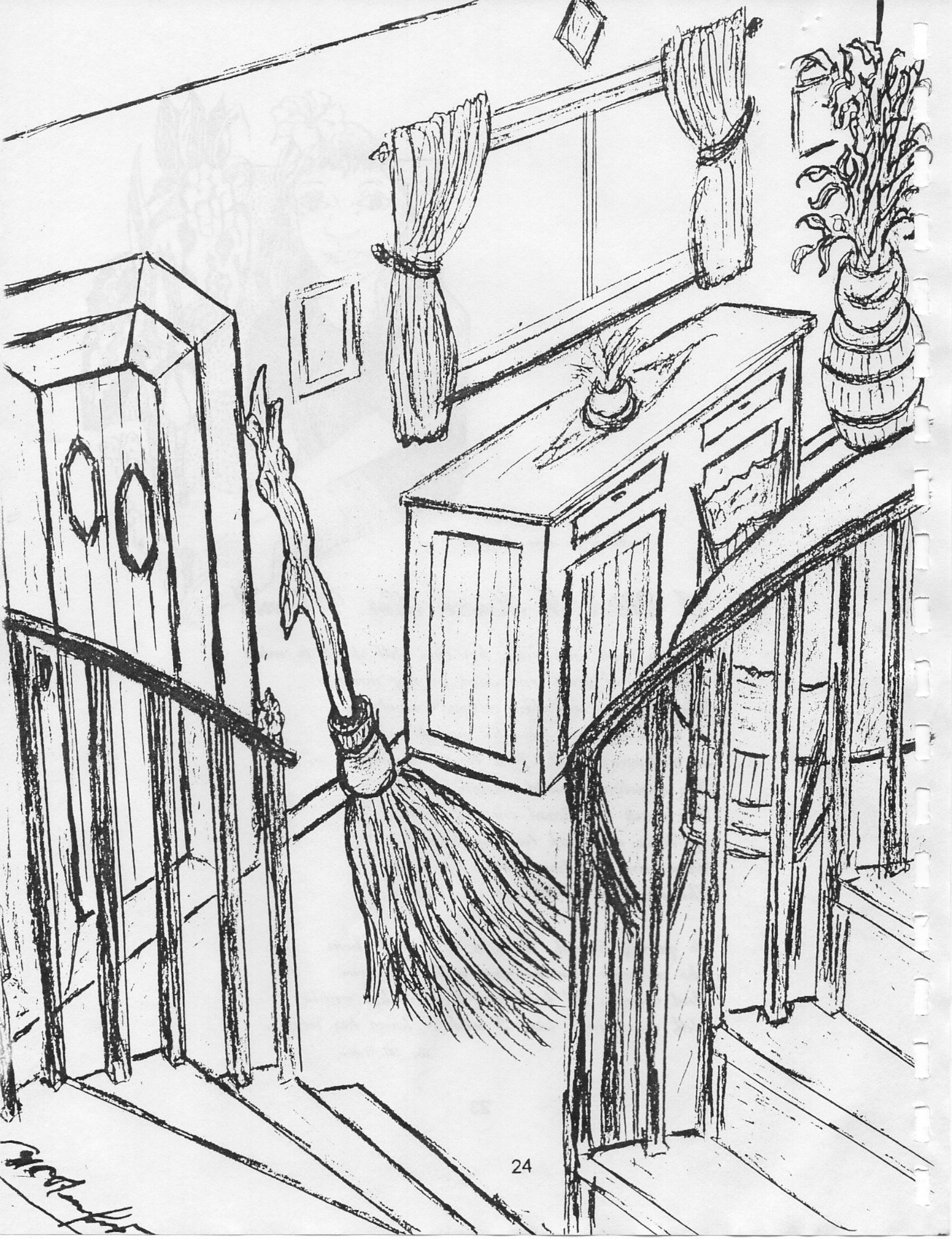
Art by Jo Ann Monahan

I Wish I Knew Her When...

Though tired and weak, her eyes still speak to mine
Her tales of youth embedded in my mind.
They tell me something others cannot see
A secret harbored, revealed just for me.
A wellspring of the past is just beneath
The sometimes grated exterior sheath.
The mask significant enough to ward
Off those who lack tenacity toward
Discovering the treasures of her heart
The narrative of life she can impart.

So quickly passed, 'tis now too late to hear
The chiming memoirs ring within my ear.
And though I'll keep and treasure her within
Still, something's lost—I wish I knew her when...

By Jill Walton



By the Light of the Silvery Moon

By Jayne Arrington

Young Michael was fast asleep, dreaming that he was flying again. He was soaring effortlessly in the clear midnight sky that was lit by a thousand stars. He could feel the cool night air brushing past his skin and rippling the knee length T-shirt he had worn to bed that night, that his father had given him. All he could see were the twinkling stars above him, the mysterious blackish-blue color of the night sky, and the huge harvest moon that rested on the silhouetted mountains ahead of him. Tonight he would fly to the moon, farther and higher than he had ever...Thud!

Michael awoke with a start. He wasn't sure if he had crash landed or had actually heard something. He quickly scanned the moonlit bedroom. Toy trains, cars, boats, and airplanes stood motionless upon the shelves; even Superman was still standing, gazing out the window, all exactly as he had left them. There was nothing on the floor either.

"I know I heard something," he demanded to the overstuffed toy gorilla that sat at the end of his bed. "I know I..." Shuffle, shuffle, came the sound this time. "Something is on the roof!" he exclaimed to his furry friend, as he threw back the covers, grabbing him and running and running toward the window. "We might be able to see from the deck, if we can get this dumb screen off." Whoosh! came a sound, mighty yet powerfully quiet. It was followed by a huge gust of wind that blew his gleaming copper colored hair all about. The matching freckles danced upon his radiantly animated cherub like face, which was filled with an air of mischief, adventure, and wonderment. He followed the sound with searching eyes, for as long as he could hear it, then it was silent.

Suddenly, off in the distance, he saw it, a black silhouette against the mountains behind the house. He couldn't determine its exact shape and size, but whatever it was, it was huge. It was way bigger than any bird he had ever seen or read about in any of his books from school.

"I'm gonna git to the bottom of this in the morning," he whispered excitedly to his furry companion.

At the first hint of sunlight, he leapt out of bed, tip toed down the hall and the first flight of stairs. He stopped abruptly on the landing when he heard Mom and Gran talking quietly in the kitchen. He peered through the stairwell and there was Gran with something black all over her hands and arms, and smudged on her face. From the roar of the furnace and the soft clanking of dishes, it was hard to make out everything they were saying. He crouched in the corner of the landing making sure he couldn't be seen, straining his ears to hear anything that might give him a clue to what had really happened last night. He heard Gran say, "caught" and "chimney" and something else about a "black cloak," but he couldn't make out the rest.

Then he saw it! It was sitting by the front door. Gran's old gnarly broom. The one that she and Mom had made from a special stick they had found in the woods, and then had tied the long creek grasses to the end of it to make it into a broom. It had black stuff all over it too. Wow! he thought, I wonder?

Up the stairs he flew on tip toes. He had to tell his sister. She'd been spending a lot of time lately with Mom and Gran. She'd be able to help him out. He unexpectedly stopped short of her room, remembering the last time he had tried to talk to her about this very same kind of subject. No! He didn't dare tell his eleven year old sister.

"You're such a boob, Mikey. You come up with the most ridiculous tales!" He could hear her saying it again. And then she would mock and tease him relentlessly.

"No way!" he whispered quietly, "Im gonna have to figure this out all by myself!"

Then suddenly it hit him. The lunar calendar! That was it! Gran had taught him how to read it several years before. It hung on the back of the door in her bedroom. As Michael tip toed quietly back down the hall to Gran's room, her words kept ringing in his ears, "They only fly at midnight on the full moon." He had never questioned it when he was much younger. But now he was eight years old and somehow it just didn't seem possible, especially since he didn't believe in Santa Claus anymore.

As he walked around the door there was the calendar, hanging amidst the talismans and medallions that adorned its edges. It read March 27th, full moon!

Art by W. C. Rempfer

The Other Half

I Am
"What's wrong with this country today."
A half-educated, greyskinned, anarchistic, thin-
blooded blob of non-voting
Potential.
Hating whites for whiteness
And others
For nonwhiteness
And myself for it all

I continually wish the world away
But it won't go (I can't).
Consequently
I'm looking for a compliant (complacent?), non-
specific, colorless, riskfree God that'll do it For
Me.

Let me know if you spot the bastard, as he's
supposed to save me sometime real soon
(Tuesday?).

Thanx, signed
Sean G.

By Fran Greenwald

A Customer

By Merie Hall

In a dreamlike state, I plodded through calculations, saving certificate entries, and clients until after morning break. I was hoping for a diversion when I glanced around the lobby and saw her quickly walking to the teller line, shouldering a man out of her way. She planted herself in line and waited toad-like. In a blue polyester coat, flat black shoes, and carrying a large black purse, she had the makings of a K-Mart blue light special. Her breath came in short gasps and sounded like a far train. The quick walk obviously tired her. She was a heavy woman, with a flabby pendulous double chin. Her weight was rounded and full, making her barrel shaped.

She kept looking for an empty teller window. She looked at her watch, then at the people ahead of her. Her cheeks were flushed pink and on her forehead were tiny beads of perspiration. Once, while in line, she turned completely around and faced the entrance door.

I stepped up to an unoccupied teller window. I undid the plastic covering. My hands felt moist and hot. I tasted salt as I licked my upper lip. My underarms felt sticky. I looked up towards the customer waiting in line and saw her peering at me intently. Confronting her stare, I slumped forward and steadied my weight against the counter.

"Good afternoon. How may I help you?"

"Ello. See, a mistake. You took twenty-six dollars out of checking. Why you do that? If you do that, I going to put my money in another bank."

"Please, please. Don't get upset. Do you have your monthly statement? If you do, I'll just get the account number and check it for you."

"Sure, I got it. I have all them. I have all them. Look, here is where they taken out. I work nights. I have no time to come here. This bank always making mistakes..."

Escaping, I rushed to the back room, found the first aid kit. I found the bottle and popped two aspirins. The wrong number punched caused the problem. It happened all the time. After checking it again, I corrected it on the main office computer and added the money back into the account.

Her coat was off when I got back to the window. She had on a beige half sleeved blouse with navy dots. The coat must've fallen on the flour. I smelled strawberries coming from flavored lipstick. Feeling dizzy, I stroked my forehead pretending to concentrate on the figures. Slowly, I wrote the explanation using account numbers and dollar amounts. Still looking down and giving her the paper, I said, "I'm so sorry. Please realize mistakes are bound to happen. Please call if you have any more problems and we'll help you."

"I no like to call. Do things slow and you no make so many mistakes. I work nights. I can't come here every day. I have lots of money in this bank. You be careful or I take all money out." She spoke loudly, while shuffling the monthly statements back and forth. She picked up the coat and tossed it over her right arm.

Hurriedly, I managed to say, "Accept our apologies. We will be more careful." She turned away and quickly took a few steps. Suddenly, she looked at me over her shoulder. She smiled and I noticed her mouth; full and wide. She had a pretty smile and I imaged this as the same smile she used on her children.

I couldn't resist. I checked her name for a savings account. Her last deposit had been last Tuesday. As of today, she had one hundred fifty thousand dollars in the bank.

The Hornet's Story

The waves rose in a foreign ocean
an amorphous wind splintered their crests
and I, splitting apart like a brilliant crystal,
I stepped into a hornet's story
I became the fierce rubbing wind
the madness of their scathing tale
I bent into a fire blue theme of
honey and floating colors
and I hissed and spat until
I could escape into the fierce coals
of their laughter.

By Thomas Estler

The Bus Never Stops Here

Looking out the bus window
long redwood branches sweeping
Stopping, stepping down
walking round the ground
While insect eaten leaf,
cool drink of water,
laying in the palm of my hand
This is all so rare
I think that the leaf is lace
To me the green flowing stream
pulsing through its veins
Tells of the Giants of this place
Sunshine filtering down to the forest floor
enlightening the darkness
helping me to see the substance
Giving me understanding
Knowledge of this place
Roots run back through time
The leaf is green.

By Jo Ann Monahan

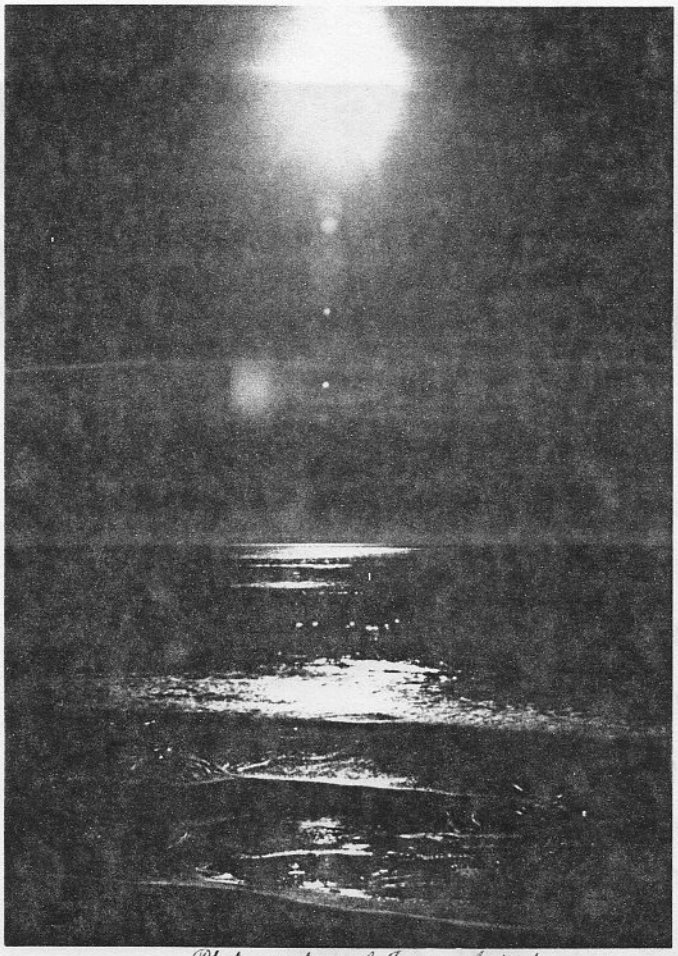


Photo courtesy of Jayne Arrington

Pretense

Light fell from silence,
But shadows fall on light.
To find peace in darkness
Becomes my inward fight.

Solutions rain in droves
But pretense floods the door.
I think that I shall die
Should I pretend one moment more.

By Jill Walton

Untitled

In days of old they'd build a fort

To guard the bins that held the crop.

Now if a thief of you makes sport

You nothing do but call a cop.

Your sword may rest, your guns stay cold,

Your knives no blood will see,

For now it seems there is a fort

We call Society.

By Sean Greenwalt

Circles of Time

Regretfully
we
spin in circles
of time
breakfast
work
kids
dinner
bills
tomorrow
It seems only by chance
when my circle
happens
to intersect
with your circle
is there any meeting
of our time

By Corey Harrison

Tool Users All

Our Technology
Does not make us
Civilized.
Our churches
Do not make us
Moral.
Our good manners
Have not made us
Caring.
Our intentions
Do not make us
Thoughtful.
Our intelligence
Does not make us
Superior.
Our victories
Do not make us
Right.
Our weapons
Have not made us
Strong.
Our philosophies
Do not make us
Wise.
Our precision
Does not make us
Accurate.
Our

technology, churches, manners, intentions, intelligence, victories, weapons, philosophies, and precision

Make us

Human Tool Users All.

By Sean Greenwalt

Reewids

by Chris Gordon

It is said that many years ago this area was an open expanse as far as the eye could see. In the spring emerald waves of grass produced foodstuffs and reeds for clothing. In the fall the open plains provided a perfect hunting ground for the people who settled here. However, things changed...so the Indians say, and it was due to the arrival of the "Others."

The "Others" were called Reewids. No one knows where they came from but they were like a plague on the villages in the northwest. The Reewids had deep auburn hair that was thick and coarse and covered most of their body. They wore hides that were dyed green to blend in with the grass for camouflage and since they stood only six inches tall, they were difficult to see. These little pests were tricky and resourceful beings. They were constantly stealing from the tribes' larders or causing havoc by darting about, making noise to spook the animals that the hunters had chosen for their prey. They were not particularly trying to *save* the animals as much as they were trying to harass the tribesmen.

These mean spirited creatures were ravenous, one adult ate three times that of an average Indian. There were thousands of them and they farmed the land day and night. When the Indians tried to plant crops, they would find them uprooted. In their place was planted star thistle, a favorite food of the Reewids. Another favorite was acorns. They would gather acorns and store them in places where man could not reach, leaving none behind. Food was becoming scarce and it was a problem for the Indian people. These things had to be stopped, but capturing them was nigh impossible because Reewids were hard to detect, even for the seasoned hunters! Reewids, we're told possessed powers that allowed them to appear and disappear at will. Funny, the Indians say that you could smell them. They smelled like sour cooking smoke. It wasn't a bad odor but it was very overpowering and their perfume would linger long after they would disappear.

Life for the Indian had changed drastically. In fact, by now the people should have had their winter food stored and hides prepared. Because of the Reewid, they had no hopes of food to store for the winter months. The hides that the women normally tanned and prepared for clothing were scarce and the meat was gone.

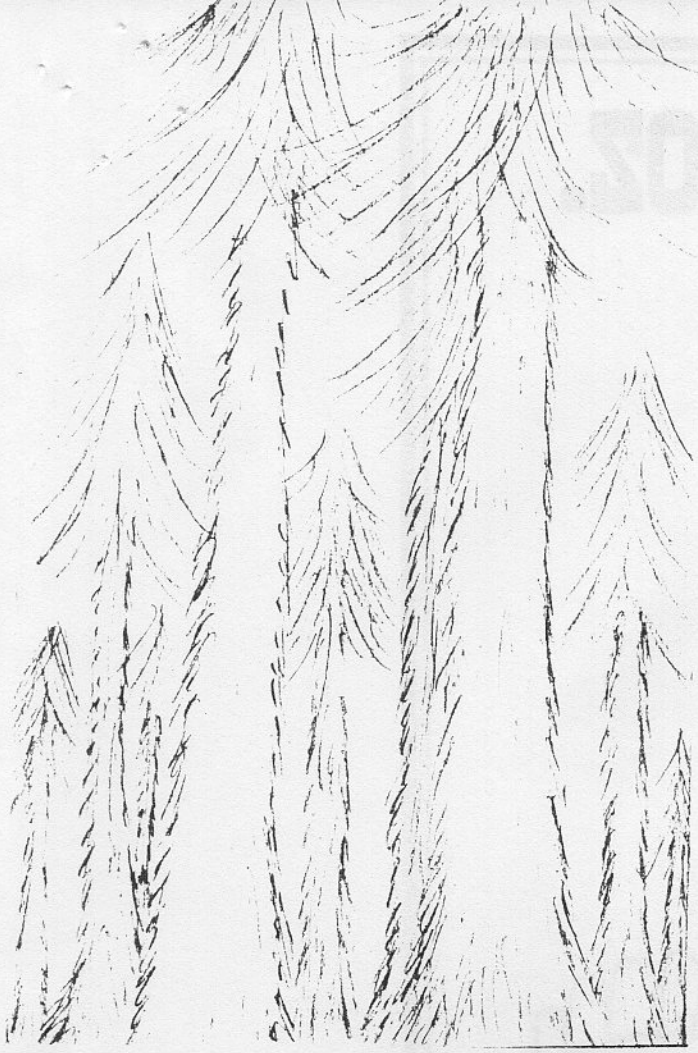
Adult male Reewid
276 years old

Art by W. C. Rompho

The elders of the tribe gathered all of the members together into Round House, their place of worship. There, they would seek help from the divine spirits. The tribal council moved into the sacred room away from the rest of the tribe to prepare themselves to pray. As ritual called for, the people danced, chanted, and prayed as they never had before. They called upon the Great Spirits to rid the valley and this northern coast of these petulant beings. In the sacred room, the shaman of the tribe, drank the special liquid that "seers use, to obtain wisdom and vision from the spirits. Falling prostrate on the cool, damp earth the wise man began to dream:

The sky grew very dark and the once open expanse began to close around him. In his dream state, he watched as the little people were secured into the ground and covered over by the rich loam that the Mother provides. Gozog, the Great Spirit, was planting these beings into the earth and burying them there. The rain spirit, Ra, showered the earth with his treasured water. Up from their roots came the Reewids! They grew and grew until the shaman could see them no more. All that remained of them was a deep, dense stand of red, hairy trees.

Those of the Council knew that the spirits had spoken because the earth shook violently during the shaman's trance. As the potion that he had ingested wore off, the shaman stirred. He rose silently and as he looked around, tears seeped from his glazed eyes. He knew that life would never be the same. He glided out of the sacred place and entered the tribal prayer meeting, fol-



Art by Jayne Arrington

Redwood Grove

lowed by the procession of elders. The shaman walked through the crowd to the skin door of the round house. The hot, fetid air was dashed by a slicing north wind as the door was lifted aside and silently, the shaman led the tribe outside.

All eyes were fixed on the sky as the people filtered out of the lodge into the icy morning. They viewed the same vision that the shaman had. All around them were red, fuzzy trunks which towered over them and reached into the air. There were so many that in most places you could not even see the horizon nor the sky! The members of the tribe began to fall back in fear as the amazing spectacle unfolded before their eyes. There was a wind that blew through the thicket, and one could hear a familiar yet melancholy cry as the air rushed through the branches of the newly created forest. People began walking closer to the trees curiously reaching out to touch their former foes. The trunks exuded a pungent odor that was familiar to the senses. These once tiny beings were now giants that the spirits had planted into the Earth Mother's pocket. Looking closer to their surroundings, the tribe members noticed that the shaking of the ground had buckled it, and caused high ridges to form where the fluid plains once stood.

Reewids covered the northwest coast and, although they could no longer harass the Indians, the tribes feared them. The Indians left them alone and found new land to inhabit along the rivers and in open meadows. They say that the Reewid forest is haunted and they refuse to coexist with those creatures again.

Today we call the Reewids, Redwoods, (the name was changed due to contact, it now has the flavor of Spanish and English pronunciation) and we cherish and protect them; but, if you ask a northwest coast Indian, they will tell you that they do not value them. It is their belief that one day the Reewids will be released from their exiled state and reek havoc once again upon Mother Earth and the Indians.

Rain

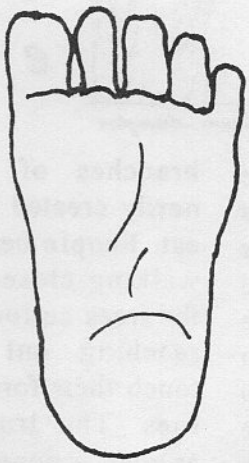
The Rain
Is a blessing
From above.
My thirsty Earth
Drinks it up
With desperate Glee.
Here to restore
The potency
Of the Mother's blood,
Cool Rain
Washes away all
Impurity.
My Earth,
Sated,
Glistens in unabashed joy:
From brown
To green
Each plant takes another
Step forward
In the race that is life,
Rain, rain
Fall today
That we may live
Another day.

My cup runneth over.

By Sean Greenwalt

½ = 6 doz.

I was Ghengis Khan,
I know the weapon we call Humanity.
I sat at Aristotle's feet
And learned exclusion.
I studied with Shakespeare
And I saw him weep for Hamlet.
I set fire to Rome
Then laughingly called it Art.
I split the Atom
And wished I could split the town.
I joked about cake
And choked on not-bread.
I led them South
And Heaven was forever lost.
Half of one,
Six dozen of the other!
Burning on an empty bed
Laughing in my crowded tomb
Pounding on a pimply head
Pissing in a hallowed room
I love not but what I want
I'm no animal
(Animals know no greed)
I'm no fool
(Fools don't conspire)
I'm no goon
(Goons cannot rebel)
I'm no mobster
(Mobster must belong)
I'm a man.
My pollution creates the most beautiful sunsets
My destruction sha(k/p)es the Earth
My power fools the night...



My footprint, cast in ageless stone, is all that time will ever know of me. Anonymity and impotence free me.

By Sean Greenwall

The Magician Poet

Some terrific mystery surrounds
Every swirling turn of instrument,
Its tone and movement producing the sounds
Intended by the Master's hand are sent.
A wonderful illusion seems the end
The unsuspecting onlookers believe.
But more important is the sleight of hand-
The essence of the feat the Masters weave.
For insight lies beneath the rhetoric
Masked at times with flashy twists of pen,
And obscured from sight to hide the trick
And not reveal the secret known within.
Though unclear to even those who know it,
The Master is the Magician Poet.

By Jill Walton

YEAH, RIGHT!

Wowie Zowie, it's a "marvelous tune!"

Listen...There!

See, they didn't have tapes to drag then

So they were always fuckin' with the horns.

Yeah, they drank to "get in the mood"

And ended up married.

Plastic, you know, was classy...

No wonder we had to suffer through the aesthetic atrocities

of a generation of rayon.

At least I don't have to live with the

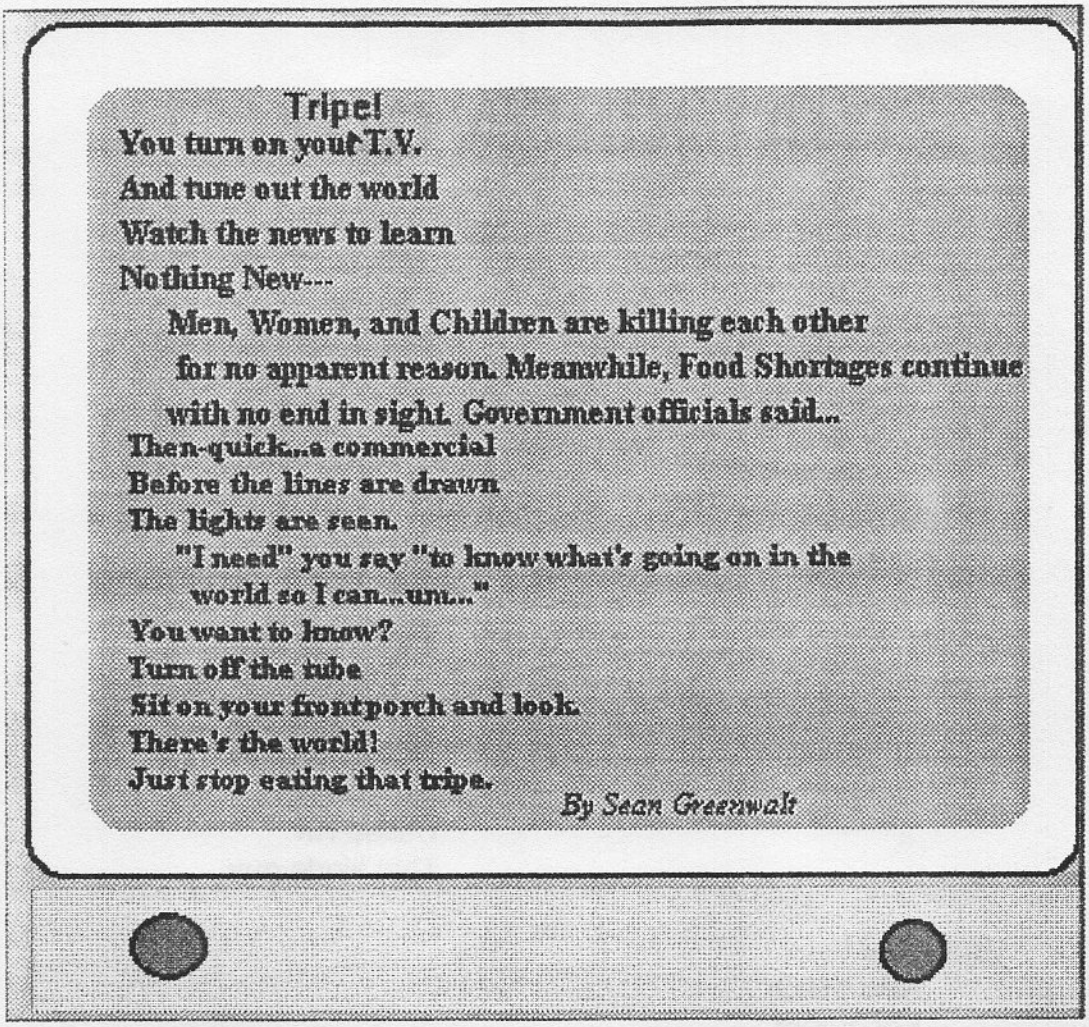
Liquid Plastoholism fantasy's letdown

Day after day 'til I die.

My generations perfect, y'know.

We'll achieve Utopia through techno-ecology.

By Sean Greenwald



A Broader View of the Details

Kill your T.V.
forget your Idols
(Fashion or other)
Nudity (Spiritual, Mental, Physical) is freedom
Class initiates "classist thinking"
Don't teach,
Learn!

By Sean Greenwalt

THAT KINDA GUY

If you wanna
Killa deer
And eat it
I don' mind
Sodamn much
I ain't that
Kinda guy

If you're gonna
catcha fish
for supper
Gowan an do it
says I
Cause I'm
That kinda guy

But if you tryta
Killa whale
For nuthin'
U can't use it
I'll gladly
Stomp ur ass
Ya know
I'm that kinda guy

By Steve Rosenberg

The 3:03

Out along the tracks
Past even the hobo fires
Beyond where light has courage
The 3:03 from Albequerque
just past or passed
its wail calling
drunks into their bottles
or suburbs to shiver once
in their sleep
Alone
where once
were three
Paul Strongbear - he's one
don't drink now
beats his wife
instead
He's scared of whiskey now
Not me
I'm still drunk
same as always
The other one
That would be Mat
Mathew Buckhunter
Only - he ain't
just ain't
Which is why
Paul he's scared
and even
keeps lookin
over his shoulder
while he's pissin'
& like I said
Lately I'm so much drunk
I don't even bother opening
my pants to piss
Tracks lead on
to Tucumcari
The four of us staggered
along that way
that night
Yeah, four
Paul & Mathew & me
& that big sweet
gallon of Gallo
Anyhow we was shitfaced
stone blind, hairy mouthed.....
Now I been drunk & I been
drunk
but this night we was more
sheets to the winds
we was the other side of pollute....
Anyhow down the tracks
we're clompin'
No trains for 'nother
hour at least

Sudden Mathew clears
his throat (real careful
like a preacher
or somethin')
'Ahem' he says,
'I'm gonna tell you boys
somethin' I never told
no one before. I, ' he says
real serious,
'am one of those chosen few
who can leave their bodies
at will.'
I looks over at Paul
& belches out a huge grin
'and I can fly.' I says
Mathew don't crack back at me
He don't say anything
Instead, he very careful
Lays hisself down on the ties
Then spreadeagles 'til
both his hands & both his feet
Are pushin' against the tracks,
A hand & a foot again' the
Inside of each track

Then he's still with his eyes closed
so I take a pull on
the bottle (cause Paul is
watchin' him &
He, Mathew that is,
ain't watchin' nothin')
All of a sudden his
Whole body gets to strainin'
& he's sweatin' so loud
You can hear him
& then he's like
a piece of track hisself
& we can't move him
we tried
I swear
For a long time
we tried
to pry him loose
(I even kicked him
square in the balls
when I heard
the train comin')
we tried - honest
& ran up to the track to
Flag the train
But the engineer didn't
Believe a coupla drunk indians
out in the desert
or didn't care
(he never even
slowed down)
Mathew never moved
Or screamed
Or nothin'
Even the pieces
we found (not all)
didn't twitch
like a normal
Dead
Man

Paul Strongbear he's one
Don't drink now
Beats his wife
instead
Tracks lead on
Toward Tucumcari
Beyond where light
has courage
& me & the bottle are out
After the 3:03 from
Albequerque is past or passed
To listen for Mathew
hunting (for what?)
(or who?)
Until the 4:15 wails through
Or the bottle is
Empty

By Steve Rosenberg

Immortal

Fear never dies
It just goes under cover
Fear in disguise
Is anger toward a lover

Pain never dies
It just goes underground
Look into my eyes
This is where it's found

Anger never dies
It just waits in silence
And in time plies
Its trade of tearful violence

Hopless never dies
It just laughs in my face
And puts me in my place

Tomorrow never dies
It welcomes my approach
The past will not arrive
I now have time for coach

By Sean Greenwalt

Untitled

there are crows riding on my back,
a gaggle
they have dug their talons in.
i make my shaggy-dog skin
but they cling all the tighter,
laughing and cackling.

what an infestation!
their black and beady eyes.
and i must bear them,
trotting good-naturedly,
despite their sarcastic banter.

By Rebecca McCartney

Playing the Game

I thought once in an idealistic way
That living was a game we all must play.
Play by the rules, and fairly, never cheat
And you will win the prize, be spared defeat.
The prize—what is it? This was never clear,
But still I played and held winning dear.
Then slowly realized, much to my dismay,
That others disregard the rules of play.
They lie and cheat and foul you as you aim—
They're not aware of how to play the game.
So retreat, I search my soul again
To find another game plan to defend.
Now spring training's here, the answer seems
Recruit another player for the team!

By Jill Wallen

SLIVER

In sleep
she sinks her teeth
into my dreams,
draws blood.

Like a sliver
slipped between the nail
and the finger
finding a place
deep within,
like a sliver
she imbeds herself
within my darkness.

By Robert Ellison

Join a Campus Club

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Dan Drew
468-3036

Auto Club
Faculty Advisor:
Steve Fowler
468-3086

Ceramics Club
Faculty Advisor:
Gary Medina
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Faculty Advisor:
Rex Hayes
468-3037

Hispanic Club
Faculty Advisors:
Oscar De Haro
Feliz Cruz
468-3006 or 468-3115
or 468-33082 or 468-3084

The Journalism Club
Mon. & Wed. 10-11
in the ASMC office
Faculty Advisor:
Dale Glaser
468-3096

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Thursday, 12:30-1:30 p.m.
in the Learning Center
Faculty Advisor:
Alan West
468-3124

Music Club
Faculty Advisor:
John Parkinson
468-3026

Native American Organization
Tuesday, 12:30-1:30 p.m.
Room 1240
Faculty Advisor:
Lynda Myers
468-3049

Recreation Club
Faculty Advisor:
Lefty Olquin
468-3142

Sigma Society
Faculty Advisors:
Marie Myers
Terri Robertson
468-3045 or 468-3035
or 468-3021

Textile Club
Faculty Advisor:
Holly Brackman
468-3025

Veteran's Support
Faculty Advisor:
Larry McLeitch
468-3131

The Writer's Circle
Wed. 4-6 p.m. Room 700
Faculty Advisor:
Virginia Wagner
468-3140

For times and locations of Club meetings not listed or for more information call the Club's Faculty Advisor at the above phone number.

1 in 10
Monday, 12-1 p.m.
Room 1250
Faculty Advisor:
Virginia Linstead
468-3089

The Writer's Circle

accepts submissions

for

publication

in

The Eagle's Song

Submissions may be left in

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(newspaper)

mailbox

in the mail room

addressed to

"barbara for The Eagle's Song"

or given to

Virginia Wagner

the Club's

faculty advisor

All submissions must be written

in good taste and be non-libelous

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the Club 's

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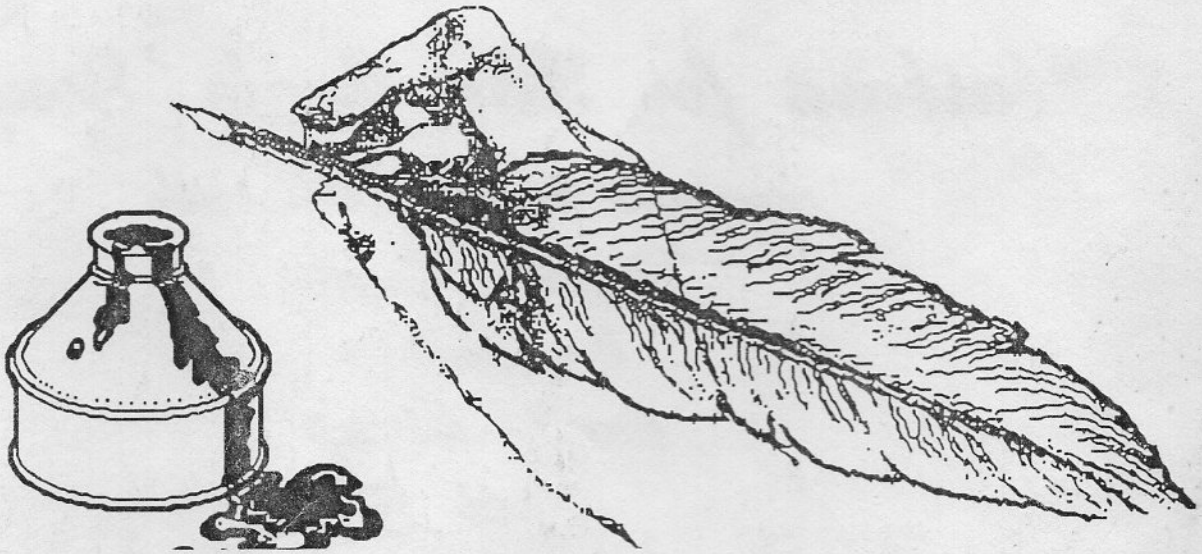
The

Writer's Circle

of

Mendocino College

Come, join us
Wednesday afternoons
at 4 p.m.
in Room 700



Gentle criticism exchanged, suggestions offered on work in progress

Submissions for publication accepted

For information contact barbara Summerfield 462-1821